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The Washington Bee

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VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894. NO 2

CURBSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired Since our Last Issue—Other Matters Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Mr. James A. Ross is in Davenport, Iowa.

Judge McComas over-ruled the motion for a new tral in the case of John R. Brooks.

Rev. James H. Lee of the 3rd Baptist church is a worker.

Rev. Bishop Johnson, D. D. will build a new church soon.

Senator W. E. Chandler will be re-elected.

Recorder C. H. J. Taylor will be in the city on Monday.

Dentist Lee will feel the legs of the jail chairs and not his patients.

Dr. John R. Francis is growing daily in popular favor.

Dr. Daniel H. Williams will return to the city next week.

The changes at the Freedmen's Hospital will be made soon.

The Industrial exhibition at the Miller Building of the Manual Training and Cooking schools of the 7th and 8th divisions yesterday was largely attended.

The case of officer King will be tried next week.

Dr. Alexander Crummell will write a new book.

Hon. B. K. Bruce is hard at word on his new book entitled the "Race Problem."

There will be a change in the recorders officers after the return of the new recorder of deeds.

Capt. Wm. Joice is a success in every thing he undertakes.

Hammet the Health officer wants an investigation of his office. He should have it and then give him a ticket of leave-man.

Lenard the jail warden has reinstated the white man who was suspended with Mr. Collins Crusor.

JUDGE KIMBALL.

BEFORE THE SALEM LYCEUM.

Hon. I. G. Kimball, one of the judges of the Police Court addressed the Salem Literary Lyceum on last Sabbath afternoon. His address was full of good advice and if followed no doubt but that the persons to whom his remarks applied will do a great deal of good. Judge Kimball, is interested in the welfare of the colored people and his whole aim has been to improve the condition of that class that needs the protection of the more fortunate of the American people.

Sobriety is one of the principal subjects that was discussed by Judge Kimball. Self-reliance was another question discussed which is more needed among the people than perhaps any thing else.

If the colored people would relie a little more upon themselves there is no doubt but that the condition of the unfortunate class would be improved.

At the conclusion of Judge Kimball's remarks he was loudly applauded and a general discussion of the people was entered into.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and Seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. and O. Book of "Routes and Rates for summer Tours." All B. and O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, General Pass. Agent, B. and O. R. R. Baltimore Md. 6-16 2t.

JULY 4TH EXCURSION

The Capital City Guards Independent Corps will give a grand Excursion to Notley Hall Wed. July 4th. Boat leaves 7th Wharf at 10 a. m. and 6 p. m. Music by the Monumental Orchestra.

Tickets 25 cents.

QUALIFICATION FOR THE FRANCHISE.

When does a man acquire the capacity of judging for whom to vote? Why does the age of twenty-one qualify for voting? In no other department would the fact that a man is legally of age alone decide capacity. If I call in a physician to see a sick person, it is because I think him qualified to cure, not because his age is a guarantee.

The law insists that he shall have a diploma showing capacity which gives him a right to practice. This diploma is a guarantee that he knows something about his profession. A man exercises the franchise without any guarantee, except that he has arrived at the age when the law allows him to vote, though he may have no capacity to judge who should be put into office.

What liberty have we in the majority vote of the uneducated, the unfit or defective individuals?

Instead of sending an ignorant man to pass laws, instead of expensive elections and appeals to party interests, a law should be discussed by experts on the subject, every side of the question given full publicity, and then a vote taken on the merits of the measure proposed, which would take it out of the hands of professional politicians and put it into the hands of scientific authorities, working for the benefit of humanity. An action or mearure is either good or bad; if bad, an act of the Legislature will not make it good; if it is good it is so because of its own intrinsic merits, not because of the number of votes given it. The discovery of electric light benefits the German as well as the American. So with a law; if it is just, it is so independent of the fact that a Republican or a Democrat proposed its being passed. What is just, right, reasonable, will be so although two persons think differently on the subject.

What incentive have aliens to elect those who would work for the welfare of their adopted country? They are not born upon the soil, and time is required before their interests become identified with the American nation. They vote where self-interest leads.

It is this which makes the struggle so terrible between the educated vote on one side and the ignorant vote on the other. Our best men abstain from having anything to do with politics because the fear of terrorists will blacken their character and ruin their reputation deters them. Are a people free who dare not give vent to their best impulses, who dare not raise their voice in favor of right? Those who would inaugurate laws to benefit humanity are harrassed and terrorized by demagogues and place-hunters. Either self-interest must become subservient to the interests of humanity, or else the people must admit that they are submitting to a despotism which is as great as that of an autocracy. What is freedom?

If I am a slave to drink, morphine, or to opium, or to any other drug, I am as much a slave as though I obeyed a will other than my own. The greatest legislators will be those who will free us from pernicious habits and depraved appetites. It is a paradox to talk of men and women gaining power over nature, when a corrupt social condition is making of man and woman more abject slaves than those who were dragged about in chains. The ignorant majority vote in the name of liberty, is opposed to the true interests of humanity.

VICTORIA CLAFLIN WOODHULL.

A HANDSOME BOOK ON SUMMER.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. has just issued a handsome book descriptive of the various summer resorts in the mountains and by the sea side, adjacent to or reached by its system of lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of very fine cuts. Send 10 cents to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., for a copy. 6-16 2t.

REDUCED RATES TO BALTIMORE.

Via B. and O. R. R., Saturday and Sunday, June 23rd and 24th. Round-trip tickets $1.25, good until following Monday. 6-16 2t.

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KNOWS HOW TO TREAT
people; he is the most polite man in business I ever saw, he knows how to handle men. I think the people in Washington are missing a treat by not patronizing this young man. I have entered many barber shops but I have not seen any to excell 906 and 1609 11th St. N. W.
march 24-3-mo

THEY SAY.

The new recorder will disappoint his enemies.

No doubt he will surprise his friends.

When you think you are right then go ahead.

Speak ill of no one.

When you make promises always keep them.

Keep your hands clean is the teaching of Aristotle.

Never misjudge any one.

The boys are talking up convention.

There will be 50 candidates in the field.

Trust no man if he disappoints you once.

Politicians as well as others should be truthful.

Never tell a lie to your sweet heart.

A woman's vengence is an awful thing.

Astwood will go to San Do Mingo

He is the most polished diplomat in the country, black or white.

His daughter is an amiable young lady.

Ex-recorder Bruce is just as popular out as he is in office.

He is one of the most respected representatives among the Negroes.

Boke Smith, of Ga, is a friend of the negro.

Dr. John R. Francis is the people's man.

He is not a politician but a gentleman of honor.

Trustee Lewis A. Cornish is a polished gentleman.

You can depend on what he says.

He never says a thing unless he means it.

President Cleveland will make several more negro appointments after the adjournment of Congress.

Still of Pennsylvania will be cared for.

The Indianapolis convention will be the largest colored democratic ever assembled.

Public Printer Benedict has appointed a negro foreman.

More than any Public Printer ever has done.

He knows no man by his color.

Wm Henry Smith will be the next House Librarian.

You should never forget your mothers love.

Young girls should not be too hasty in accepting a man's company.

This world is a stage and people are merely players.

They make their exit and entrances.

Don't be alarmed when you hear a noise.

Be kind to those who want to serve you.

Watch your friends your enemies you know.

Your friends will do you more harm than your enemies.

Why is the negro so jealous of each other?

Because he has been taught so.

The more the opposite race ill treats him the better he appreciates it.

John Mitchel is still showing up negro lynchers.

Birdie is an angel in disguise.

Goldie knows her to be a prophetess and saint.

She will become the heiress.

A fortune awaits her.

Read the BEE and be happy.

THE VERDICT!!
Do You Wear Shoes?
If so, do they fit you? Do they wear well? Do they satisfy you? If not, come and talk with us. We can please you on prices fit, comfort and wear.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING LIST:
Childs' Dongola hand sewed spring heel shoes, 5 to 8, at 49c.
Childs' Red and Gray Slippers, worth $1. 50 at 75c.
Misses Red, Tan, and Gray Slippers, $1.75 value, at $1.00.
Ladies White Kid Slippers in all styles, $1.50 value, at $1.00.
Ladies' Fine hand-sewed Black and Tan low shoes, in all styles $1.25.
Boys' and youths' solid leather shoes, $1.50 value, at 98c
Boys' and Youths' Tan Shoes, latest spring styles, $2.00 at $1 50
Men's Russia, hand-sewed, in all styles, $2. 49.
Men's Black and Tan low shoes, $1 98.
The above list is only a few of the many bargains we are offering.
Our line of Fine Men and Women Shoes, ranging in price from $3 to $5 are as equally cheap according to quality as the ones enumerated.
ECONOMY SHOE HOUSE.
The Bee Coupon.
Say you saw it in The Bee.
THE ECONOMY SHOE HOUSE.
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WHY BE WITHOUT A HOME OR A GOOD CITY PROPERTY ON TERMS AS THESE
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I have Houses and Lots in all parts of the City, very desirable property, as Homes or Investments, which I will sell on small Easy monthly Payments, and on the Insurance Plan.
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HENRY E. BAKER, Secretary.

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PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND PHOSPHATES OF
LIME, SODA, IRON.
The truly wonderful effect produced by Dr. Alexander B. Wilbor's Compound of Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Phosphates renders it beyond doubt the most perfect preparation of its kind known to-day. Consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, debility, wasting diseases and all scrofulous humors disappear under its influence. It is almost as palatable as cream it can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, become very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates the whole system, flesh, blood, nerve, brain. This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of cod-liver oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXANDER B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass.

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A $20 A Day Man!

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.
William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $35." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business piles up grand profits.
Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. Read—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest album in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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THE BEE.

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Entered at the Post Office at Washington as second class mail matter.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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Quarter column	"	.005
Half column	"	7.50
One column	"	15.00
One inch,	one year	10.00
Quarter column	"	55.00
Half column	"	75.00
One column	"	150.00

Special notices 10 cents per line. Ten lines constitute an inch.

REFORM NEEDED?

Our distinguished friend Mr. Charles R. Douglass, in a letter to a local contempory a few days ago suggested to the new recorder of deeds, Mr. Taylor, the importance of a reform in his office.

It is so strange that Mr. Douglass didn't see the necessity and the importance of suggesting these reforms when his veteran father or the "Sage of Anacostia, was recorder of deeds and while he (Mr. Charles R. Douglass) was a clerk in the office.

We can always see what others should do Mr. Douglass, but, very seldom see what you should have done while employed under your father.

Mr Taylor will from time to time receive unasked for advice from Mr. Douglass and others. The BEE would suggest to Mr. Taylor to go slow and carry out his promises to his friends, and if reforms are necessary in the office the BEE would suggest that his friends point them out.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

As a rule the colored race or a few members of the race are more often duped into organizing societies than they do in establishing industries.

What we should do, more than anything else is to organize industrial enterprises for the common good of the people.

If we didn't commit crimes there would be no use for equal rights associations; if we did not violate the laws there would be no necessity for leagues, etc.

We should organize business enterprises and co-operative stores and when we organize such we should support them.

This is what the people are more in need of than political organizations which enables a few pot house politicians to gain a little political notoriety and put money in their pockets for self-aggrandizement.

Let us put money in our pockets, we need that more than we need the services of pot house politicians.

FREE THOUGHT.

There has been a great deal of unnecessary talk about negro democrats. The BEE has always maintained than a man has a right to be a democrat if he wishes to be.

If those colored men who have joined the democratic party are of the opinion that the democratic is good enough for them there is no reason for negro republican to abuse them.

This is a free country and people have a right to exercise freedom of speech.

OUR SCHOOL.

Our public schools under the superintendency of Mr. Geo. F. T. Cook have made wonderful progress this year. In every branch of the public schools, it can be seen.

Mr. Cook is ably supported in his work by a set of trustees who think of nothing else but to improve our school system.

There is still an urgent necessity of a change in our High School, which is the only draw back to the public school system.

A DIVISION IN CAMP.

If there is any reason for a new call for a convention of negro democrats it should be known.

Certainly the first call must have been discussed by the leaders of the warning factions before the call was published.

Personal animosities, petty jealousies and should not enter into a cause that will tend to make all parties look ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

Col. Breckenridge will give his enemies a close chase.

SENATOR W. E. CHANDLER

We note with great joy the announcement of the candidacy of Senator Wm. E. Chandler, of N. H. for re-election to the U. S. Senate. Senator Chandler's canvass over leaps state lines. His re-election will be a national triumph of Republican principals. The whole country is watching with deep interest the Senatorial election now pending in the "Granite State".

The Colored Race is earnestly interested. The champion of human rights and "one of the old guards" must be kept in the U. S. Senate.

The Race recognizes in the service of the Senator from N. H. a pure statesman of kingly graces and kingly culture; a fine and flexible Republican. No state in the union has a more faithful, energetic and patriotic Senator in the U. S. Senate. The BEE voices the sentiments of the colored people in asking the loyal people of the good old state of Jno. P. Hale to keep the name and staunch friend of the union in the U. S. Senate.

COLORED PRESS.

The Negroes of America owe Senator W. E. Chandler a debt of gratitude that can never be canceled and every paper controlled by colored men should be glad in the support of him.

The Alexandria, Va. Leader should be commended for asking the colored press to speak out in manly lines for Senator Chandler's re-election. It is a national question. Respond to the Leader.

WHEN THE editor of the Petersburg Herald, Scott Wood, was in this city. the editor of this paper gave him a job as collector to keep him from starving to death, for which he allows an expenitentiary convict and an alleged abductor of his illegitimate child to give vent to vile virtuperations through the column of his paper against the BEE. We have not seen the paper but when we do see it and if we have an action the editor of the Herald, Scott Wood, will be sen for by a proper process of law.

INDEED.

From the Colored American.

Major Charles R. Douglass, is prominently mentioned for trustee in the eighth Division of the public schools of this District.

Yes, and Trustee Lewis A. Cornish is prominently mentioned to be re-appointed. No man has made a better record than Mr. Cornish and there is no reason for his removal.

Recorder C. H. J. Taylor, who left the city last week will return Mon at which time he will use the official axe.

If he finds it too dull he will sharpen it.

"He laughs best who laughs last" and that penitentiary bird and his curbstone police attorneys will see.

The Petersburg Herald with its billy goat editor should come this way once and hear something that he doesn't know. If time and space permits, we will tell him through the BEE.

DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park on the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conductive to the entertainment. pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel are lighted with electricity.

Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort to Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodations of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until october 31st.will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holders visit.'

The season at these popular resorts commences June 23rd.

For full information as to hotel rates rooms, etc., address George D. De Shields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland. Garrett County, Maryland

6-16 2t.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

A New Idea That is Attracting Attention in Paris.

Considerable attention is being paid in Paris to the new method originated by a member of the National Academy of France for photographing in colors, the process being pronounced, from a scientific point of view, the most interesting ever invented in this line. Briefly, the operator lays upon a sheet of glass a very delicate, translucent film of chloride of silver, and against this film is placed a vessel containing mercury, so that the latter is in contact with the film. Thus arranged, the glass sheet and mercury are placed in the camera like an ordinary sensitive plate, and, exposures being made, the image of the object to be photographed is projected upon the glass, the light conveying the image passes through the glass, on through the translucent film, and is reflected back by the mercury behind. The action of the light splits the silver in the film into thin layers, which breaks up the light rays into their component colors. As the play of colors in an opal is due to that gem being composed of layers of quartz superposed one upon another—these layers breaking up the light into different hues—a similar result follows the placing of the layers of silver in the film, which, through the operation of a curious law, reproduces the tints of the object photographed.—New York Sun.

He Made Car Fare Out of It.

The ways of the New York broker are artful, and his eyes are always open for an opportunity. When he has a chance to make a bargain he doesn't let grass grow under his feet. The head of a steamship company recently said to a Wall street broker:

"I wish I could get a certain pier privilege; it's so and so."

"Well, why don't you go and get it?" asked the broker.

"I can't get hold of it."

"The pier business," said the broker, "isn't in my line; but how much would you give me for the privilege?"

"I would give $1,000 dollars each month for one year."

The broker said he would see what he could do. The pier was owned by a Philadelphia man, and the next day the man from Wall street entered the office of the pier owner in Philadelphia.

"I should like to have you buy some bonds," he said.

"I don't want to buy anything," was the curt answer.

"Why not?"

"Prefer to sell."

"But these are gilt-edged. You never saw better."

"Can't buy anything—haven't any money. I have a lot of things on my hands that aren't paying a cent. These are hard times, I tell you. I have stores that I can't rent; bills that I can't collect. Why there's a pier over in your city that isn't doing what it ought to do for me. A privilege there is just begging for some one to take it."

"Well," said the broker, "I want to sell you some of these bonds. We might make a 'dicker' on the pier. I guess I could get rid of it. Will you take the bonds off my hands if I take your pier privilege?"

"I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid of your pier?"

"No."

"Well, maybe I'll take the pier anyway. How much do you want for it?"

"It is worth $3,000 a year, if it's worth anything."

The broker thought he might as well take the privilege even if they couldn't strike a bargain on bonds. The next morning he went to the New York steamship man.

"I can get that pier privilege for a year," he said.

"At what terms?"

"Your own figures—$12,000 a year."

The privilege was relet right then and there, the contract signed and the broker was just $9,000 better off. A short time after this the steamship man met the broker again.

"Say, Jones," he said, "tell me, now, just for fun, what did you make out of that pier business?"

"Car fare," answered the broker, without a blush.

"Car fare?"

"Yes, car fare—round the world."

Natural Gas Theory.

In one of the Smithsonian publications Prof. Orton argues that the natural gas supply of Ohio and Indiana—which exists in the Trenton limestone rock of a porous nature—if forced out of the rock by salt water which percolates through the latter, being held back by gas in its natural state until the gas pockets or cavities are tapped by wells, when, as the pressure is thus reduced, the water percolating through the rocks continues to keep up the pressure of gas through the wells and in the mains. According to Prof. Orton's investigations, the salt water which is found beneath the gas usually rises in the wells to a height about corresponding with the level of Lake Superior, and there is, he thinks, a connection between the water penetrating the porous rocks in which the gas is found and that of Lake Superior.

Sarcasm.

He was a very impatient man, and he did not think the train was going fast enough, by any means.

"Conductor," he said, "did you say this train was going to Cincinnati?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Certainly."

"Well, it may; but there is only one way of getting it there that I can see."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you want to get this train to Cincinnati, you'll have to take it apart and ship it as freight over the other road."—Washington Star.

Shakespeare Wore Earrings.

Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl earrings, which he bequeathed to his daughter on the day before he was executed.—London Tit-Bits.

WOMEN WHO FLIRT.

A Habit Some are Born With, and That Others Acquire.

The born flirt is not dangerous. She may appear so, but in reality her little coquettish, fascinating ways are not the cultivated wiles of a siren, but are as natural to her as breathing. In all probability when her eyes first opened upon this world she smiled at the doctor, and through her babyhood and childhood up to the time she was considered a woman that guileless smile wrought havoc with every man who came within the circle of its sunny influence.

She doesn't think she is flirting. She is merely enjoying herself. Men have always paid her a certain amount of homage, and that she intends to have up to the day of her death. The born flirt need not be beautiful, she need not be even pretty, but if she possesses that personal magnetism that counts for more than symmetry of contour, men will adore her and she will let them till the end of time.

All women dubbed flirts are certain to come in for a considerable amount of unkind criticism from those who do not understand them. The unconscious flirt will, however, after awhile disarm her worst enemy, for if time is taken to study the little lady the strange phenomenon will be discovered that she flirts just as much with women as with members of the opposite sex. Her pretty ways are irresistible to men and women alike, and so she goes on smiling and magnetizing all who come within her power, and those that came to censure remain to praise.

But, oh! what a different character is the deliberate flirt, the woman who coquets with intent to kill, who lets flirtation run into romance, and then with one strong blow destroys a man's hopes just for the sake of seeing the card house she has built up scatter into its component parts before her very eyes. She is the type of woman who separates husbands and wives, who sows discords in hitherto happy families, who enjoys making sweethearts unhappy and younger women envious. She is a schemer who plans her campaign deliberately, not a little skirmisher who uses her weapon on all alike.

The first by design is a dangerous person. She loves to wound. She delights in the cries of those who have pierced by the darts from her havoc-dealing eyes. Her victims are fewer than those that come to the net of the born flirt, but their suffering is real, their pain bitter. The natural flirt will go on flirting with her own husband after they have been married twenty years, but the other one, if chance or design brings her a man, whose name she is asked to bear, no longer wastes her time on him, but looks around for some one else's husband to practice her wiles upon.—Philadelphia Times.

Not a Good Judge.

Superintendent Warren, of the Eastern Illinois railway, was telling the other evening of a certain engineer in the employ of the road who had been repeatedly cautioned against running too fast. He was running a freight train, and on one portion of his division there was a steep hill. His orders were to never permit his train to go down that hill faster than fifteen miles an hour, but it was general belief that whenever he had a safe opportunity he sailed down that grade just as fast as the wheels could turn. One day he did go down the hill so fast that the entire train left the track at the bottom, and there were box cars piled up high. An investigation immediately followed, and the engineer, in railroad parlance, was put on the "carpet." He swore in the most solemn terms that he went down the hill not faster than fifteen miles an hour, but that just before reaching the bottom he lost control of the air brake and the speed became so great the train could not keep the track, hence the wreck, for which he was not responsible.

"But," said his superintendent, "we have a man here, a farmer, who was on the hillside that day when you came down. He stood at the edge of a clearing, saw you at the top and all the way down, and he will swear that he never saw a train going so fast in all his life, and he is a man sixty years old. He says that it was next to an impossibility to see the wheels. What do you say to that?"

The engineer never hesitated.

"I know the man. I saw him the day after the wreck and he told the same story to me, only there was a little more to it."

"What was that?"

"Why, he told me that it was the first train of cars he had ever seen in his life, and I don't think he would be a very good judge of speed."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, and the engineer got off with a sixty days' suspension.

Do You S-S-St-st-Stutter?

Few people have any idea what the stutterer suffers in his inability to express himself. I myself was some time since one of these unfortunate ones. I have ceased, however, to be a stutterer, thanks to observing the following rules:

(1). Never speaking before well inflating the lungs.

(2.) Never holding the breath while speaking.

(3.) Always looking at the person to whom I am speaking.

(4.) Speaking well from the throat.

(5.) Reading aloud for a certain time every day.

(6.) Going into company as much as possible.

I believe that no one need be a stutterer if he persists in the above treatment.—London Answers.

Mother of Twenty-four Children at 30.

Near Yankton is the most remarkable family on this continent, perhaps in the world. It consists of father, mother and twenty-four children, and the mother of the brood is not yet thiry years old. She is a Norwegian woman and her husband is a Hoosier. The children were born triplets and the oldest of the lot is under twelve years of age. All of them are boys but three, one set of triplets being girls.—Bridgewater Democrat.

Lightning-Flash Out of a Clear Sky.

Weary Senator—Well, I'm glad my work on the tariff is ended.

His Wife—My dear, I wish you would look over this grocer's bill—it's outrageous.—Truth.

DIDN'T DEAL IN THOSE GOODS.

The Tale of the Fussy Customer and the Urbane Hardware Merchant.

The Hardware Merchant (to customer, just entering)—Good morning, sir.

Customer—I want one of those things that you fasten on a door so as to make it shut itself.

H. M.—Oh, yes; an automatic door closer.

C.—That's it; and it must not be high priced.

H. M.—Yes, sir; a cheap automatic door closer.

C.—And not too complicated either.

H. M.—I understand. You want an automatic door closer of simple design and small cost.

C.—Exactly. But not one of those infernal things that slam the doors to with a bang.

H. M.—That would be a nuisance, of course. What you want is an automatic door closer, of simple design, small cost and with an easy spring.

C.—That's right. But I don't want it to close door too slowly either.

H. M.—In other words, you require something faster than cold molasses. Briefly, what you are looking for is an automatic door closer of simple design and small cost, that is neither too slow nor too fast.

C.—That's all right. And, besides, it mustn't be like some I have seen, where a man needs the strength of an ox to open the door.

H. M.—Very well. Now let's understand each other. You want to buy an automatic door closer, simple, cheap, neither too slow nor too fast, and easily operated.

C.—Correct. Show me one.

H. M.—I'm very sorroy, sir, but I do not deal in automatic door closers.—Truth.

On the Right Track.

It was such a bright boy who applied to the grocer for a job that he thought he would give him a little talk, just for a guy.

"If I hire you," he said, "I suppose you will do what I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I told you to say the sugar was high-grade when it was low, what would you say?"

The boy never turned a hair.

"I'd say it," he responded promptly.

"If I told you to say the coffee was pure, when you knew it had beans in it, what would you say?"

"I'd say it."

"If I told you to say that the butter was fresh, when you knew it had been in the store for a month, what would you say?"

"I'd say it."

The merchant was nonplussed.

"How much will you work for?" he inquired very seriously.

"One hundred dollars a week," answered the boy, in a business-like tone.

The grocer came near falling off his stool.

"One hundred dollars a week?" he peated in astonishment.

"With a percentage after the first two weeks," said the boy, coolly. "You see," he went on, "first-class liars come high; and if you need them in your business you've got to pay them the price. Otherwise I'll work for $3 per," and the boy had caught the grocer at his own game and got the job at $3 per.—Detroit Free Press.

Sang for His Life.

John Abell, a celebrated singer and musician who lived in the reign of Charles II., had a very great notion of himself and would not peform unless he pleased. There is a funny story told of how he was once made to sing against his will.

While traveling abroad for pleasure he came into the town of Warsaw. News was brought to the palace of the famous English singer's arrival, and Frederick Augustus, the King of Poland, immediately sent word that he desired Abell to appear before him.

"Tell his majesty," replied John, curtly, "that it suits me not."

Back went the court messenger with a wry face. He knew his master's temper too well.

"Tell Master Abell," thundered the king, "that I will have him come! And take you, boy, three stout fellows with you."

The messenger and the three stout fellows between them managed to carry out the royal wish and presently marched triumphantly up to the palace with their unwilling captive.

The king was awaiting them in the great hall, where he had seated himself in a balcony that ran all round the sides. Above him an immense chair hung from the roof by a rope.

"Now, then, into the chair and up with him," cried Frederick Augustus, with a chuckle. "We will soon see if our song bird won't sing in his cage. Up with him, my merry men all!"

Up in the air swung Abell, who still refused to open his mouth. When he gave a glance downward, however, he changed his mind. Into the hall beneath him a number of wild bears had been turned loose.

"Sing, sirrah!" the king shouted, "or down you go to play with my brown babies."

One look at those "brown babies," growling and snarling below in a very unbabylike manner, was sufficient to convince the stubborn John. Sing he did, and he often used to declare in after days that he never sang so well in his life as when he was hanging there, a hundred feet high above the fierce beasts.

Iron Working Savages.

The Baluban tribe, of Central Africa, are famous for their skill in casting and forging iron. They construct tall cylindro-conical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously-devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.

An Amusing Trick.

Place a reel of white cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and then, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat; unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging, as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocenet amusement.—London Tit-Bits.

RAILROAD.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R.

Schedule in effect June 9th, 1894.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey Avenue and C street.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited express trains 11:15 a. m., 8:00, p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 8:30, p. m. express 12:10 night.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland express daily 11:15 a. m. and 8:35 p. m.

For Lexington and Staunton, 11:15 a. m.

For Winchester and way Stations †5:30 p. m.

For Luray, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Memphis and New Orleans 12:5 night, daily; Sleeping Cars through.

For Luray, 3:30 p. m. daily

For Baltimore weeks days x4:20, 5:00, 6:30 x7.10, x7.30, (8.00, 45-minutes) 8.30, x9.00, (10 00 45-minutes). a. m. x12 00, x12.05, 12.15 x2.20, (3.00 45-minutes), 3.25, x4.28, 4.31, x5.00 x5.10, x5.30, 5.35, x6.20, 6.30, x8.00, 8.15, x9.00 x11.30, and 11.35 p. m. Sundays, x4.20, x7.30 (8.00 45-minutes), 8.30, x9.30, a. m., x12.00, x12.05, 1.00, x2.20, (3.00, 45-minutes) 3.25, 4.31, x5.05, x5.10, 6.30, x8.00, x9.00, 10:00, x11.30 11.35. p. m.

For Annapolis, 7.10 and 8.30 a. m., 12 15 and 4.28 p. m. Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 4.31 p. m.

For Frederick, †11.15, a. m., 2.15 †4.30 †5.30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †11.15 a. m. and †5.30 p. m.

For Boyd and way points, 9.40 p. m.

For Gaithersburg and way points, †6.00, †8.00, a. m., †12,50, †3.00, †4.33 †5.35, †7.05, 11.30 p. m.

For Washington Junction and way points, 9.00, 9 50 a. m, 1:15 p. m. Express trains stopping at principal stations only. †4.30 †5.30 p. m.

For Bay Ridge week days 9.15 a. m. and 4.28 p. m Sundays 9 35 a. m. and 1.30 and 3.15 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

For Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the East, daily 4.20, 8 00, (10.00, a. m. ex Sun. Dining Car) (12,00 Dining Car), 3.00, (5.05 Dining Car), 8,00 (11.30 p. m., Sleeping Car open at 10,00 o'clock.)

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NEW YORK CITY.

D. A. Green, 429, 6th Ave.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

Locals.

Mr. A. L. Boykin of Hampton, Va. was in this city last week on business.

Mrs. Henderson of Raleigh, N. C. is in the city, the guest of Mrs. R. H. Lewis on S st. n. w.

Miss Jeannettes E. Anderson, will leave the city in a few days for Phila. Pa. on business.

Look out for the farce in one act, entitled "The Police Court, and the negro at torneys," by W. Calvin Chase.

The Equal Rights American should take a rest.

Mr. E. W. Vaughn, the popular manager of the "Counselor Herald," Lynchburg, Va. was in the city this week on business.

Mr. Vaughn is a highly educated young man and an all around newspaper man. He has made many improvements in his paper since he first had charge.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. met last wednesday night in the parlor of their handsome building for the purpose of devising for the betterment of the association in general.

Mr. Marshall Cushing, the well known journalist formerly editor of the Washington Times has resigned and will hereafter run the Capital, a crisp, bright and newsy sheet which needs no introduction to the public.

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE TO ATLANTIC CITY.

Royal Blue Line trains leaving Washington 4.20 A. M., 10.00 A. M. and 12.00 n. now make direct connections with the Reading's Royal Route to the shore.
6 - 16 4 t.

THE NEGRO DEMOCRATS.

Hon. H. C. C. Astwood, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic League has countermanded the recent call issued by him last week for a National Democratic convention to convene in Indianapolis, Ind., in August and issued a call convening the convention in Montgomery Ala. July 25th.

The reason of the change says Mr. Astwood is that the call recently issued is undemocratic and unfair.

The outlook now is two conventions of colored democrats.

TOO FRESH.

THE DISTEMPER AMONG THE OFFICERS.

This has been a month of scandals among ex-police officers. Dentist Thacker E. Lee, an ex-member of the Metropolitan force who conducts a dentistry business at No. 1322, Fourteenth street, attempted to take liberties with Mrs. Eckloff who had been carried and left at Lee's place by her husband to have her teeth fixed. While Mrs. Ecloff was seated in a chair, Lee, the dentist assaulted her by attempting to take liberties with her. After a review of the case by Judge Miller, he sentenced Lee to jail for three months, where he can admire the legs of the jail chairs.

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THREE GOOD STORIES.

A Shattered Idol—Rigor of the Law—Bony as a Janitor.

One of the greatest sorrows of famous personages, says the Youth's Companion, is that it is impossible to live up to the ideal opinion which the people whom they meet in the ordinary affairs of life have formed of them.

It is recorded that a certain literary man of high reputation had occasion to remark to a waiter in the restaurant where he sometimes lunches:

"Waiter, this beefsteak is very tough."

The waiter looked at him with a sorrowful expression, and sighed deeply:

"Perhaps you will tell me," said the literary man, "why you sigh in that fashion."

"Ah, sir," said the waiter, "I took you for a man who always said original things; and here you come and say just the same thing that all the rest of them do!"

Law.

As is well known, the law cannot concern itself, in any case before it, with side issues. These are rigorously excluded:

In a case in which a man was accused of forgery, a witness for the defense managed to say:

"I know that the prisoner cannot write his own name."

"All that is excluded," said the judge. "The prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of some one else!"

Recognized as a Brother.

If the common notion is well founded, janitors are among the men who need no exhortation to magnify their office.

One of them was absorbed in a book the other day, according to Good News, when his wife said:

"What are you readin', Dennis?"

"Oim readin' th' history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Moy! moy! what a janitor he would ov made!"

Made Grant Pay Toll.

A new story of Gen. Grant was told the Pittsburg Dispatch recently by a resident of Washington county, Pa.: "I'll never forget how old Bije Oliver, who kept the tollgate at Washington, on the old Wheeling pike, held up Gen. Grant for toll," he said. "Bije was annoyed a great deal by the college boys who drove over the pike."

"They worked upon his credulity, promising to pay toll on their way back. Many a nickel has been lost to the old tollkeeper, for he was a kind-hearted fellow, and often in the face of better judgment remitted the toll until they returned. But the boys like that letter, never came; they took another route home, thus eluding old Bije. Upon one of Grant's visits to Washington, during his administration, a young Mr. Smith, who was then in college, took him out one day for a drive.

'As they came near the tollgate on the Wheeling pike old Bije caught sight of them. He went out of his house took hold of the rope and pulled the pole down, obstructing the road. Smith greeted Bije in a familiar way, and said 'Look here, Bije, we want to go on. You see, I've Gen. Grant with me here." Bije looked up with a sardonic smile. He had just begun to see through the tricks of the college boys and was not going to allow himself to be gulled any longer.

"So he replied: 'I don't give a darn if you have Gen. Grant with you; you'll have to pay toll or you can't get along here.' Then he added in a most sarcastic way, with a leer: 'Gen. Grant! You must take me for a fool.'

"'Really,' persisted young Smith, 'this is Gen. Grant.'

"But Bije got angry at his apparent impudence and said angrily: 'Grant or no Grant, you pay toll.' Seeing that he was adamant, Gen. Grant put his hand down into his pocket, and, after tossing him a coin, drove on, laughing at the incident. He often related the incident afterward, and it seemed to amuse him greatly."

The Curse of Drink.

"My friends," said the stranger who had wandered into the temperance meeting, "perhaps my own experience will be a warning to you. I began to drink fifteen years ago. At first I drank occasionally, and took a little at a time. As nature strengthened herself to resist the poison I had to drink oftener and more copiously to produce the desired effect. After a while, as nature reinforced herself, I became so that only great quantities, taken almost constantly, brought the sense of intoxication. What has been the result? Why, that now, drink as uninterruptedly and copiously as I can, I am sobering off faster than I am getting tight. The future holds nothing for me but ultimate and hopeless sobriety. That is the legitimate and logical result of the curse of drink. I must pass the rest of my days in practically the same stupid and unexhilarated condition as that of the spiritless and doting teetotaller."—Puck.

To Get Rid of Roaches.

The persistent use of borax will keep premises free from roaches or water bugs, but everything must be kept scrupulously clean. Dust the borax in their haunts, particularly around the sink water pipes and boiler. Leave it there until the next day's sweeping. Then put around fresh borax, using it plentifully. Have no paper on the closet shelves; wash the tops of doors and windows with boiling suds, and rub, when dry, with a cloth saturated with kerosene. The bundle of kindling wood is a prolific source of water bugs in the house. Each bundle, before it is carried in, should be knocked violently down on the cellar floor or yard stones, while some one stands ready with a kettle of boiling water to prevent the escape of the bugs that run from it, but by far the better way is not to use it at all.

His Wife to the Rescue.

Rev. Clericus has been waiting half an hour to speak to his wife, who is having a call from Mrs. Longwind. Hearing the front door close he supposes the visitor has gone.

Rev. Clericus (calling from his study)—Well, is that old bore gone at last?

Mrs. Clericus (from the drawing room, where Mrs. Longwind still sits)—Oh, yes, my dear, she went an hour ago, but our dear Mrs. Longwind is here. I know you will want to come in and see her.—Tid-Bits.

RECEPTION TO MISS ASTWOOD.

An enjoyable and beautiful dinner party was tendered Miss Marion J. Astwood by Miss Amelia Wall at the residence of Mr. A. W. Brooks of 321 South Carolina Ave, S. E. Covers were laid for twelve and the table and dining room were beautifully decorated by cut flowers. The dinner was excellently served in seven courses and the menu comprising the delicacies of the season was suited to the tastes of its connoiseurs. Each guest was presented with favors of unique souvinirs and boutieneers. Toasts were given by Messrs. H. C. C. Astwood, W. L. Pollard Richard Moore, Miss Bush and Miss Wall and a beautiful Spanish poem was well recited by Miss Astwood and translated by Mr. Astwood. After a delightful repast the guests adjourned to the parlor where coffee was served and the remainder of the enjoyable evening was spent in music, etc.

The guests were Miss Marion J. Astwood, Hon. H. C. C. Astwood, Mr. Wm. L. Pollard, Miss Gussie Moore, Miss Julia A. Bush, Mr. Roscoe S. Douglass. Wm. Calvin Chase, Miss Amelia Wall, Mrs. A. W. Brooks and Mr. A. W. Brooks Miss Emma Prater & Mr. Richard Moore. The guests were received by Miss Wall in pink silk and assisted by her sister Mrs. Brooks in white silk.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY EXCURSIONS TO BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets for all trains Saturday and Sunday, June 23rd and 24th, at $1.25 for the round trip, valid for return passage until Monday following.
6 - 16 2 t.

The funeral of Bishop M. M. D Ward of the A. M. E. church took place at noon Thursday from the Metropolitan church.

John Morgan who killed Howard Smith on the 18th of April plead guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to Albany penitentiary for three years.

Scott Wood will run against this BEE hive one of these days and turn it over, what the consequences will be, he will no doubt realize.

The BEE should give the penitentiary convict who forged the name of Muntough to a check, a chance to ventilate himself. No thief can rail against the Lords annointed.

Scott Wood who at one time collected for the BEE, and who no doubt would have starved to death, is returning his gratitude by allowing an expentiary convict and an abductor of an illegitimate child to abuse those who have aided him. Scott Wood does not surprise the BEE in the least he is ademagogue pure and simple.

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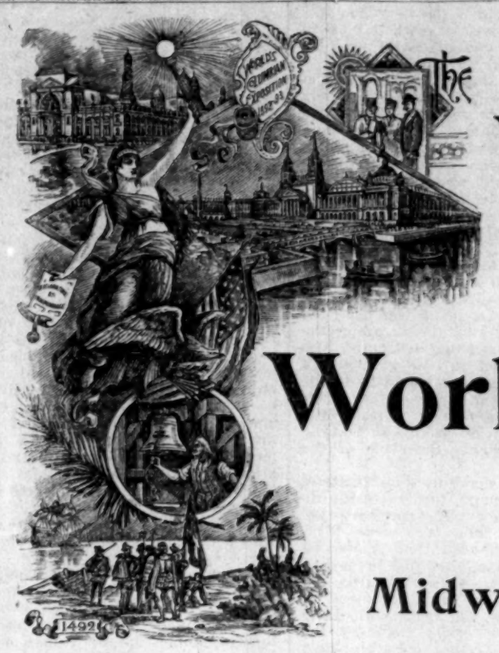

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TIME TO GO AHEAD.

Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other—well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bonbons and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that "there is absolutely nothing in her." The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her.

"I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale green," she said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her words.

"Is it possible? I"——

"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am."

"I only hope you"——

"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just what I choose."

The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men—they like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"—— began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet."

"But I thought that you"——

"Were selecting a trousseau? So I am, goosie. You see it is just this way: He will call at 8 this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by precedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married man ought to give up his club you may know that his intentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and—now you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will."

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that confused him so, that I made an excuse to slip out into the hall where his coat was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a household paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893.

In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Rachel" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and, in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadily for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought Stocking shares again. * * * When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded $6,050, and here it is." We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well konwn as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash of 1893."—Boston Commonwealth.

Uncle Zeb's Suspicion.

"Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been arrested this month."

"Yessir."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, sah, dar's a new p'leeceman on our beat."

"Has that anything to do with the case?"

"I dunno, sah; on'y it sut'ny hez seemed ter me dat may be was kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners.

"My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointing.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time.

"Certainly," she answered. "Are you going to have a party?"

"No; I wanted to try them in my new slungshot."—Washington Star.

Unselfish Love.

He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor.

She—You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—Life.

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing With Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at the Hotel Denechaud last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked Mr. Justin Denechaud, who was behind the desk at the time.

"There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than twenty years I have slept in a bed with the head towards the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep in a bed with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed in that position," said the clerk, as he ran his eye over the list of rooms. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you," and calling the porter Mr. Denechaud instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard of him it is presumed that he retired and slept the sleep of the blessed.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Denechaud, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. You noticed that gentleman just now who demanded that his bed be changed with the head towards the north. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. I remember an instance like this several years ago. A gentleman, slightly under the influence of liquor, came into the hotel one night and, producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with the man and they placed the bed as requested. The joke about it was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position, and it so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed directly northeast, according to the compass, was in reality so placed that the head was directly to the south. The gentleman discovered his mistake the next morning, and I presume was cured of the fad."—New Orleans Times.

The Best He Could Do.

The seedy individual, blear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central Depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"Five cents."

"And a steak?"

"Ten cents."

"Fried eggs?"

"Five cents."

"Potatoes?"

"Five cents."

"Bread and butter?"

"Five cents."

"Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?"

"Oh, no."

Then he ran his hand down into his pocket.

"Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Sarcasm.

"John," she said after some silence.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind."

"Yes."

"John?"

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"No."

"And yet, just look at it."

She Tried to Help.

He (devoted but bashful)—There's been an awful lot in the papers lately about political combines and rings and such things.

She (determined to help him out)—Yes, I've noticed. Do women ever get mixed up with them?

He—Certainly not. Why do you ask that?

She (with a "now will you tumble?" emphasis)—Because I feel as if I would like to get into a ring of some kind myself.

No presents.—Buffalo Courier.

Why He Was Dropped.

Ethel—Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she was going to.

Maude—Yes, but during their first talk he said he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)—Why, which does she think she has,

Good Advice.

"She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to shoot myself."

"When you entertain such an idea as that," replied the sage, "you are underestimating your affection."

"Don't you mean overestimating?"

"Well, you may be overestimating its intensity, but not its quantity. Just you wait a while and you will find you have love enough left for half a dozen girls."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Principle.

Brown—Is Black a man of principle?

White—Decidedly. Whenever he wants any whiskey he sends Jack Todd for it. Black's principles would n't allow him to be seen in a liquor shop.—Boston Transcript.

Of Adult Size.

Tommy—Pa, why do they say that "a note matures" when it falls due.

Pa (worrying over his debts)—Because it's generally so blame big, I suppose.—Chicago Record.

Chops for One.

Johnnie (with an ax)—Papa, what is a chophouse?

Papa—It is a house where they have chops.

Johnny (plaintively)—Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?

THE IRON JAW.

Stength of that Kind Can Be Acquired by Long Practice.

The iron-jawed performer in a circus now doing some eastern cities was visited by a reporter for the New York Press recently. She is a rosy-cheeked woman with smiling blue eyes, and no one looking at her two rows of even, white teeth would imagine that they could possibly stand the strain to which they are daily put.

"Any ordinary person," said she, "ought to lift thirty or forty pounds with his jaw, but I have lifted five men, weighing altogether 700 pounds. By developing the muscles of the jaw and neck a person of ordinary strength ought to be able to hold up 200 pounds with the jaw."

"Is an iron jaw a gift of nature?" she was asked, "or is it acquired?"

"Oh," she answered, "one must be born with an iron jaw in order to do such a performance as I do, although strength of that kind can be acquired. I began by lifting twenty-pound weights with my teeth, and then used heavier weights, until I could lift an object as heavy as myself. I have been in the business nine years now, and can sustain more than five times my weight with the strength of my teeth and jaws. Holding up and spinning around a heavy man with my teeth is about the same as holding up a barrel of flour in that way."

"Is that slide you make down the wire a dangerous feat?" she was asked.

"Well, no accident ever happened to me," she said. "I have no fear in doing it. Ordinarily I do not even use a netting under my trapeze, but here the law obliges me to. I shall not use one when I go out West."

"What are your sensations in going down the wire?"

"Well, I see nothing; my eyes are turned toward the roof. I hear a loud buzzing noise made by the wheel that goes over the wire. The cushion at the bottom is so arranged that it gives three or four feet when I strike it. If it did not I probably would have broken bones. In the Paris Hippodrome I used to slide down a wire 320 feet long."

"Are you yourself a foreigner—perhaps a countess or a duchess?"

"No, I am an American girl. I was born in Pittsburg. The qualifications necessary for such a business as I am in are nerve, courage and extraordinary strength. The circus business is one in which a woman gets as much wages as a man. Anna Dickinson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lilly Devereux Blake and the rest of the strong-minded women are always publicly admiring pluck in their sex. I think the circus women have it above all others."

Sand Gardens for Children.

At a meeting in Boston recently of the Moral Educational Association, Mrs. Kate Gannet Wells spoke on "Sand Gardens," which have proved such godsends to the children of the very poor. In Germany, says the Boston Advertiser, the sand gardens have long since become the favorite resorts not only for the poor children, but the very rich as well. For seven years the school gardens in Boston have been open, and in three years the Charlesbank Garden, with its grass, trees, flowers and glorious view of the river, has become a paradise not only for the hundreds of children, but for the weary mothers, who either leave their children in these gardens, under wise and watchful care, while they go to work, or else they carry their mending and sun themselves while the youngsters play.

These banks are also educational. During the "Fall of Babylon," for instance, it was enacted with the aid of paper soldiers from morning till night and Grecian history was as familiar to the children as bread and butter. There is many a pathetic story of the little crippled children who drink in pleasure and sunshine together. They are distinctly not kindergarten, not industrial and not denominational in religion. The poorest of the poor come. The great work is carried on by voluntary contributions; $1,400 will take care of 50,000 children. This is a distinct feature of hygienic education in city life, with a wonderful moral influence.

The Art of Getting On.

The best equipment that either men or women could have is definite knowledge, if it be only of one thing. The first question I ask those who come to me for advice, says a writer in Lippincott's, is: "What can you do?" If the answer is—as it almost invariably proves to be—"Anything," my heart fills with despair for the applicant. In the money-making world "anything" means "nothing." It is overrun with a vast army of incapables ready to rush in and undertake "anything." What is needed is some one who can do something as opposed to any one who can do anything. Competency is the only equipment that is worth anything nowadays.

A Memorial to the Poet Keats.

Edmund W. Gosse writes to the London Times announcing a proposed English memorial to the poet Keats. He says that an American committee has been engaged during the last five years preparing it, and that the details have been kept absolutely secret, even in the United States. The movement was due to the energy of Mr. F. Holland Day, of Norwood, Mass. The work is now accomplished. Mr. Day has arrived in England with a marble bust of Keats, which will soon be unveiled in the parish church at Hampstead.

An English Corn Cure.

Here is a recipe for a paint suitable for either the hard or soft species of corn; it should be applied with a camel's hair brush on five or six successive nights, at the end of which time the upper portion can be easily removed, after the foot has been soaked in warm water. In the case of an old enemy, the treatment should be repeated until the growth has entirely disappeared. Thirty grains of salicylic acid, and five grains of Indian hemp, to be dissolved in half an ounce of fluid collodion.

A "Corner" in Stamps.

Stamp collectors say there is a "corner" in stamps, one firm in New York having bought in practically the whole issue extant of Columbian stamps. That firm must have a big warehouse.

NAPOLEON'S HOME LIFE.

He Used His Fingers for Forks and Sometimes Took His Soup After Dessert.

"After "Napoleon et le Femmes," the industrious and indefatigable M. Frederic Masson has now given to the public another entertaining and gossipy volume entitled "Napoleon Chez-lui," which is published in Dentu. Herein the author shows us the Great Conqueror at home, the interest of the descriptions being heightened by M. de Myrbach's amusing illustrations, including Napoleon in bed, an imperial shave and His Majesty at table before one of those meals—chiefly consisting of chicken and pastry—washed down by well-watered Chambertin, which were despatched in a slovenly manner and in about seven minutes.

M. Masson neglects nothing. He follows the emperor from morning to night, tells how he wore his slippers until they were utterly dilapidated and how he had himself brused down with eau de Cologne every day, making the valet work as if he were scrubbing a donkey. At 6:30 every morning Constant—the chief valet—entered the Emperor's bedroom and flung the windows open. Meneval presented the letters and a servant brought in a cup of tea or orange flower water. Corvisart on entering was usually saluted with the words, "Ah! there you are, you great quack! Have you been killing many people lately?" While having a warm bath, after Constant had related the gossip of the day, the Emperor listened to Meneval's summaries of the newspapers. Next followed the levee, or "reception," at 9 o'clock the special audience and at 11 dejeuner. At this meal the Emperor frequently used his fingers as forks and cared little for the order of the service, sometimes eating soup last. He liked green haricot pods, but was always afraid of finding hairs in them. The meal was occasionally rather international in composition. Bonaparte being partial to many of the dishes popular in the countries wherein he had conducted campaigns. Thus, after Egypt, he became very fond of pilaff and dates. He was, however, most in favor of Italian frittered food and pastry, and liked chicken in every cooked form.

As to his occasional calls for soldiers' soup and commissariat bread, M. Masson believes that Napoleon only assumed his taste in that direction for parade purposes. He was known on one occasion to swallow a plate of military soup after having a hair pulled out of it—but then the soldiers were looking on. Had his cook, Dunan—a worthy descendant of Vatel—put army bouillon before him at the Tuileries, Napoleon would probably have flung the plate and its contents at the head of the chef. Dunan, by the way, was once about to resign because the Emperor refused to eat crepinettes de perdreau twice in one month, but he remained on at Duroc's suggestion, and mollified his mighty master by a dish of roast fowl. Now and then the dejeuner lasted longer than seven or eight minutes, but only when Napoleon had morning guests like Talma, David or Isabey. M. Masson has also a good deal to say about Bonaparte's enormous capacity for work, which caused him often to miss the official dinner hour, and to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning in order to study budgets, ministerial reports and army returns. After his second marriage there was less freedom in the Court. Etiquette was more strictly enforced than ever, and the Emperor became more inaccessible and Olympian. M. Masson modestly says that his book is only intended to provide contributions to history. In any case, it is far more interesting reading than many a work of fiction.—London Telegraph.

Woman's Ingenuity Rarely Fails.

Women, who, for various reasons, do their own dressmaking, well know the trouble and difficulty of properly fitting a waist. The draping of the skirt is more easily accomplished, even if Aunt Abie's method of calling in the hired man and draping it upon him has to be adopted at last. A woman set her wits to work recently, and hit upon a unique idea. She took an old waist that fitted her to perfection, and which buttoned down the front. She buttoned it, then sewed the buttonholes all tight and cut the buttons off. Then he took a piece of cardboard the size of the neck and sewed it in as a cover, and upon this she raised a pin cushion by means of rags and saw dust. The sleeves were cut off at the elbow and tightly tied, and then the figure was inverted and tightly packed with sawdust. This was allowed to settle for two days, and was then again punched and pounded until every crevice was rammed tight. Then another piece of cardboard was cut to fill the bottom orifice, and this was sewed in, and the whole figure covered with muslin to prevent the sawdust leaking, and to afford a good pin hold. The model is now the exact shape of the individual the dress is intended for, and all she needs to do is to place the model on the table, put on it a pair of corsets and fit the material over these. When the model grew "flabby" she tightened it by forcing the sawdust out of the arms into the bust, and refilling the arms with fresh sawdust.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Honor Gets Even.

"The charge against this man, your honor is drunk and disorderly," said the officer.

"I don't deny it, judge," said the prisoner. "I got pretty drunk, I guess, but it was my first offence, and I know when I've had enough. I shan't do it again."

"In that case," said the magistrate, "I am disposed to be—but haven't I seen you before?"

"I reckon you have, judge. I live right across the street from you."

"You do, hey? Have you a lawn mower?"

"Yes."

"You get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and run it till breakfast time, don't you?"

"Yes. That's the kind of a man I am. I'm always busy and never let any of my time go to——"

"Thirty days. Take him away and call the next."—Chicago Tribune.

Beware.

Lady—Of course, you are always looking for work?

Tramp—Certainly. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—New York Truth.

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